be kinde to you and loue you, and cheriſh you vp, I ſhould thinke the deuill himſelfe kept open houſe in him.

*Wi.* I doubt not but he will now, pre the lea ue me, I think I heare him commin g.

*Ser.* I am gone. *Exit.*

*Wife.* By this good meanes I ſhal preſerue my lãds, And free my huſband out of vſerers hands: Now ther is no neede of ſale, my Vncle's kind I hope, if ought, this will content his minde, Here comes my huſband. *Enter Husband.*

*Hu.* Now, are you come, wher's the mony, lets ſee the mony, is the rubbiſh ſold, thoſe wiſeakers your lands, why when, the mony, where ift, powr't down, down with it, downe with it, I ſay powr't oth ground lets ſee't, lets ſee't.

*Wi.* Good ſir, keep but in patience and I hope My words ſhall like you well, I bring you better Comfort then the ſale of my Dowrie.

*Hu.* Hah what's that?

*Wi.* Pray do not fright me ſir, but vouchſafe me hearing, my Vncle glad of your kindnes to mee & milde vſage, for ſoe I made it to him, has in pitty of your declining fortunes, proui ded A place for you at Court of worth & credit, which ſo much ouerioyd me

*Hu.* Out on thee filth, ouer and ouerioyd, *ſpurns her* When Ime in torments? Thou pollitick whore, ſubtiller then nine Deuils, was this thy iourney to Nuncke, to ſet downe the hiſtorie of



of me, of my ſtate and fortunes: Shall I that Dedicated my ſelfe to pleaſure, be now confind in ſeruice to crouch and ſtand like an o man ith hams, my hat off, I that neuer could abide vncover my head ith Church, baſe ſlur, this fruit beares thy complaints.

*Wife.* Oh heauen knowes, That my complaintes were praiſes, and beſt worde of you, and your eſtate: onely my friends, Knew of your morgagde Landes, and were poſſeſt Of euery accident before I came. If thou ſuſpect it but a plot in me To keepe my dowrie, or for mine owne good or my poore childrens: (though it ſutes a mother To ſhow a naturall care in their reliefs, Yet ile forget my ſelfe to calme your blood: Conſume it, as your pleaſure counſels you, And all I wiſhe, eene Clemency affoords: giue mee but comely looks and modeſt wordes.

*Hu.* Money whore, money, or Ile-

*Enters a ſeruant very haſtily.*

What the deuel? how now? thy haſty news? *to his ma*

*Se.* Maie it pleaſe you ſir. *Seruant in a fea*

*Hu.* What? maie I not looke vpon my dagger? Speake villaine, or I will execute the pointe on thee quick, ſhort.

*Ser.* Why ſir a gentlemã from the Vniuerſity ſtaie below to ſpeake with you.

*Hu.* From the Vniuerſity: ſo, Vniuerſity That long word ru ns through mee. *Exeun*

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